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THE LEHIGH REVIEW

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The Lehigh Review



HOW THE MINORITY VIEW INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

BY JOHN M. BLACKMAR

WHY do Lafayette and Lehigh, Princeton and Yale, Cornell and Penn, vie in sport? Intercollegiate athletics is an accepted institution in our national life. Apparently they are here to stay. No one challenges their existence. Should one do so he would be condemned as an irrational radical. Yet logically there is every reason to, and very gradually there has been rising a trend that seems to be ushering in a new epoch, one in which intra-college sport will displace intercollegiate competition. And it will be well, for not until then will we approach the Utopian ideal of the greatest good for the greatest number.

As the minority, those few who view intercollegiate athletics from a dispassionate perspective, deduce, athletics have been a victim of over-emphasis. Like a cute, attractive, little child who in spite of himself becomes the object of excessive attention and so grows into a spoiled youngster with distracted potentialities, athletics have courted man's favor as a means of psychical solution, have satis-

fied, and without conscious direction have evolved to their present status of world-wide popularity. Here we must acknowledge that popularity, while it must be deserved, is no criterion of inherent worth.

Athletics began as an organized attempt to place matches of physical prowess, which constitute a desire psychologically fundamental in human nature, on an equitable basis; so codes of sportsmanship, courtesy in competition, were evolved. And it was natural also for gregarious individuals to band together to play their games and then to wage mock battles against other groups. Rivalry was a concomitant development. Every which way one turns, especially in the United States, he experiences the tenseness born of this keen spirit of rivalry. The whole system pyramided as it grew until today it is not so simple. Rather is it so complex as to require organization to super-just a woman. First she lured Adam with an apple; and then she raised Cain. Today she turns him around her fingers with promises; and then it's "marry my daugh-

wise it and to standardize its codes. We have governing bodies of all sorts, Olympic committees, A. A. U.'s, the I. C. 4-A., and N. C. A. A.—international, national, sectional, state and even city governing boards which get the youth of grammar school age in step with the grandiose movement.

Such a situation clearly indicates over-organization of athletics. Athletics do not then serve solely the participant's desire for exercise and good sport; in addition they cater to another's desire for profit. Control of amateur sports is vested in officials and coaches—not in players who would enthusiastically endeavor to perpetuate the spirit of competition and fair play gratis. This loophole for pecuniary gain has been the refuge of many.

Now boys of college age are the very flower of manhood. They have attained that state of development when they have maximum power, speed and stamina. And they like to give vent to this excess energy. They do this in their games. Real action results, and people like action. The basis of play becomes the basis of exploitation.

Those attending the same college or university are thrust together for three or four years; they work and play together. They become imbued with gang spirit which in turn transcends into the larger college spirit. Manifestation appears when the boys decide to select those from among themselves who have superior abilities and pit them as a representative team against the best that a neighboring school can boast. Probably thus it was in the beginning, and so we surmise the genesis of what are now traditional rivalries. The passing years make the early days hallowed and the pioneers of an institution the revered "Father of This or That," and the vague-

ly remembered, sparkling, little incidents of heroism on the field of sport gain color with each telling. Journalistic opportunists willingly contribute the ballyhoo which inspires the average red-blooded American boy to want more to be a Poe rather than a Riegel, to be a hero in legend, and which makes every ambitious society woman want to attend the Army-Navy game just to be among those present.

It is when the public locally or nationally becomes so intensely interested in a sport or competition that began inauspiciously as play and gradually innocently acquired so much background that it became a spectacle that evil effects and consequences appear; then it is that athletics have been overemphasized. It cannot be denied that at the present writing American colleges and universities quite generally rank along with the late Tex Rickard, "Cash and Carry" Pyle, Flo Ziegfield, Arthur Loew and Adolph Zukor as the big producers of public entertainment. Even as Charley Rogers of the cinema belongs to the public, so also did Penn's all-American Charley Rogers belong to American lovers of vicarious experience. More convincing proof is that Red Grange, Bennie Oosterbaan, Joey Schaaf, Charlie Borah and Sabin Carr have drawn many thousands more to stadia, palestra or grandstands than have the "stars" of the theatrical firmament to the Broadway playhouses. Athletes become the national heroes; such young men wrest the headlines even from President Coolidge or Lindbergh. Out of it all rises a gross distortion. Brawn is exalted over brain, physical prowess over mental capacity. Young men get a warped notion of what college is for. In a machine age who cares for manpower, men who can put the shot forty-nine feet? In an era when international peace is being stressed

why develop quarterbacks, field generals with tactical minds? Why send young men to colleges on athletic scholarships to waste four of the best years of life neglecting fundamentals to major in becoming champions, specialists in athletics? No tenable replies can be made to these pertinent queries.

This is the crux of the matter. There is an evident maladjustment when athletics are the end and all of living. Many a boy who was well off in his undergraduate days when supported by some thoughtless, over-zealous alumni club because of the points he could score for the college, or many a one who "majored in athletics" in the university, realizes this all too forcibly when he later acquires a broader view of life and its all-around requirements. There's nothing surer, it's brains that count; the aphorism that "knowledge is power" is sustained in history. One of the incomprehensible facts of life for some is that athletics are only a pleasant means to an end. That end, of course, is the development of a sturdy physique that will be highly serviceable. Sports also help to re-create this structure, which is periodically necessary, and they have a psychological effect that is stimulating. Regular indulgence in athletics in a proper quantitative degree is the most invigorating and usually the cheapest play conceivable.

Athletics have their place in life, and in college life, but that place in either instance is in the background. Colleges are educational institutions and should not adopt any policy that places athletics either paramount or even tantamount to scholarship. Colleges should be recognized as good or bad on a basis of their curricula and the personnel of their faculties and not on a basis of the success which their representative athletic teams achieve. The public mind is apt to confuse its sense of values—especially since it gets its food for thought from the daily press, which

in endeavoring to satisfy its customers' wants caters to their tastes and depicts the world at play as well as at work. Lehigh, where Tau Beta Pi was founded, is unknown to thousands in many parts of the country and even to surprisingly few here in the East; William and Mary, where Phi Beta Kappa originated back in Revolutionary days, likewise would hardly be known except for the fact that high school history texts carry a brief mention; Notre Dame, on the contrary, is nationally famous, but at best football victories and such are cheap publicity. Perhaps possessing a football team that for three years occupies a cellar position in the East connotes to the discriminating person inverse intellectual attainment!

Thanks to a wise administration, unswayed by public sentiment, Lehigh's name is highly reputable today. Not so long ago in "the golden days of Brown and White gridiron glory," when others sports were carried along on the high crest, Lehigh had to acknowledge a certain amount of proselyting. There was no one-year rule and scholarships were easily obtainable by one with confirmed athletic ability regardless of his mental qualifications. Such a policy paid dividends—in victories. But with the visualization of and incipient steps in the realization of that "Greater Lehigh," victories have been relegated to insignificance and athletics have been placed on a simon pure basis—a courageous forward step. Since that time the mention of Lehigh has often prompted derision because Lehigh's defeats in ten sports have greatly exceeded her wins in the past four years that the new system has been in vogue. Who cares? Only a few. The result is that Lehigh men have learned to take defeat gracefully and not too seriously. They smile, rarely offer an excuse, act as sportsmen, and are not discouraged but rather forget what has passed and look ahead to the next contest. And they appreciate

success more keenly when it does come and do not exult ostentatiously. They learn the great lesson of sportsmanship—to be good losers and magnanimous winners. There is no over-emphasis on Old South Mountain—no post-season games, no unusually lengthy schedules, no pre-season training camps, no intersectional contests or so-called long trips, no subsidized year-round training table or quarters, no stress placed on freshman sports, no really high-paid coaches, and what is more, no lowering standards for boys with recognized athletic ability. Her championship wrestlers were just ordinary freshmen who happened to matriculate and presented themselves as raw material to a coaching genius, Billy Sheridan, who developed their potentialities in their spare time. Lehigh does not canvass secondary schools for mat men; she makes them out of students.

Students matriculate and participate in athletics as an avocation, as I said, not too seriously. That partly explains why Lehigh loses. Nothing is done on a big scale; the boys just compete for what fun they can get out of their play. As stated they have no training table; nor do many adhere to any sensible training program. Training is an individual matter entirely. All the coaches concede this point and ask only for cooperation. Beer is plentiful in town, and eating, smoking, dancing and dating are convenient pleasures. Only a few conscientious lads discipline themselves for Lehigh. I have seen any number of our stars of the past four years out late the night before a contest, eating unwisely, smoking on trips behind the coach's back, and even drinking in his presence after a game in mid-season. What I consider the most important item in training, observance of regular rising and retiring hours, it is safe to say, most ignore. Since Lehigh is a relatively small school, the athletes are leaders in multi-

campus activities and have meetings and other responsibilities that prevent their getting the optimum sleep. By the junior and senior years the so-called "dumb" athletes have been weeded out and those remain who are versatile and who have learned not to neglect lessons simply to keep training. The athletes, however, attend practice regularly and generally it can be said that they give their all in the daily workouts, which really constitute the fun of going out for a sport since most of Lehigh's coaches disregard drills in technique and fundamentals and even plays and just supervise long, hard scrimmages, pure play. Furthermore, there is no real incentive to take sports seriously. Little Lehigh rarely attracts enough stars of the first magnitude in the same undergraduate college generation to form the nucleus of a team that could get national recognition, and even those few individuals that do rise to championship heights, especially because the college is not co-educational, do not find themselves the object of hero-worship—not even to freshmen. A Lehigh letterman is no better a fellow on the campus than the president of B. U. X.

With this delineation of the athletic situation at Lehigh, which I believe to be representative and not overdrawn, and with this exposition of the principles of athletics and the relation of athletics to collegiate institutions, we can approach the problem of the advisability of maintaining the status quo by continuing in our self-satisfied rut (or is a broad-minded course?) or of reverting either to the extreme of what I have chosen to call "over-emphasis" or to the converse extreme of abolishing intercollegiate athletics and substituting in their stead a system of intramural athletics.

To revert to the erstwhile semi-professionalism would be retrogression. To

(Continued on Page 53)

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

BY JOHN I. KIRKPATRICK

THE political situation at Lehigh has been discussed and rediscussed this year until it seems that nothing new is to be said on the subject. That may be true, but the trouble lies in that not enough serious thought has been given the problem by the great majority of the student body. It is a generally conceded fact that the situation is rather serious and disgraceful. It is not a problem peculiar to Lehigh; it is a condition that every other university and college has had to face. Some have faced the difficulty squarely and have provided for it adequately; others have realized its presence and have applied a remedy which, at the time, proved satisfactory but which later brought with it still greater evils; and others have sensed the development of a rotten political state of affairs and have let such a condition remain undisturbed. Lehigh has belonged in that group which makes no effort to check its corrupt practices. But fortunately this past year has seen active discussion of the problem and a serious attempt at its solution.

Politics has undoubtedly existed in Lehigh in some form or other for the past sixty years (I allow the other four years of its existence as a margin of safety). But it seems that as each year goes by, the situation becomes worse and worse. Each freshman class develops bigger and better politicians. Things have reached such a stage that at present, all of the major and most of the minor senior offices and practically all, if not all, of the

class offices in the University are held by men who have gained such offices with the help of an organized exchange of votes. With the election of the officers there has come the attendant "spoils" of office, the fulfilment of political obligations. The Secretary of the Union is not to be blamed for calling unexpectedly and without previous announcement, one morning at a regular chapel exercise, for nominations for his freshman cabinet, when, a short while before that, he had unwittingly overheard the officers of the Class of '32 coolly determining the men who were to compose the new cabinet.

It would be interesting to relate some of the more intimate details of recent combinations, their foundation, composition, and outcome. Many of the men so elected are not to be condemned too heartily. Some combinations are formed in self-defense. At times, one combination offers a man a better nomination than another combination. And so it has continued in the past; the whole thing, nothing but a gentle cutting of the throats.

It has been charged that the senior gets a wonderfully broad outlook on college affairs, and he is suddenly given a clear insight into politics after all the elections are over, after all the offices are filled, when politics will no longer be of any use to him. It is true. However, rather take the attitude that the senior has been through it all; he has seen the shallowness and the emptiness of unearned office and undeserved prominence; he realizes that in general the present political situ-

ation is detrimental to the University, to the particular office, and to one's self.

The whole question is, is it really worth it? What real satisfaction is there in holding an office which, it is generally known, has been gained through politics? Does not the approval and the good will of one's classmates matter more? What is more to be desired by a fraternity or other living group, a list of activities and honors or the general favor and esteem of the college? It is the policies of a group that matter more than its actual number of varsity men. The freshman is apt to value the worth of a living group by its catalog of activities, but this attitude changes with time. He begins to regard a living group collectively; there is an intangible something that becomes characteristic of a group. A fraternity may have a great number of athletes and managers and what-nots and possess an unsavory reputation that accrues to it usually because of pernicious political practices. Is it worth while?

However the past is gone! What we are interested in is the future. There is a rotten situation in the University which we have to wipe out. There is not much doubt that the majority wants to see politics eliminated. In a recent questionnaire, over eighty per cent of the living groups showed their willingness by assenting to cooperate. Less than ten per cent voted in the negative. I believe that these groups did this only because they thought that politics could not be done away with. Practically all of the living groups are willing to pledge themselves not to exchange votes if they can only be assured that the other groups will do likewise. With such an attitude, why would an honor system not work?

There have been numerous objections to an honor system, but they all go back

to the fundamental question of whether there is enough honor in Lehigh men—to which question there is only one obvious answer. If a man were to attempt to start a combination, with the honor system in effect, I doubt that he would be able to get the entire support of the class within his own group, much less the undivided support of two or more groups.

As for the enforcement of an honor system, I do not believe that there should be any punishment attached to violation of a pledge. Public opinion and sentiment would be sufficient condemnation for any guilty living group. As has been suggested in the *Arcadia*, it would be a good plan for each of the living groups to incorporate in its rules or by-laws the provision that none of its members shall attempt an exchange of votes with another living group.

The biggest hope for the success of the honor system lies in the proper orientation of the new men each year. If they are thoroughly imbued with the principle of honor in elections, politics will cease to be a problem at Lehigh. Just as the "hello" habit and other traditions are passed on from year to year, so an honor system could be impregnated into the accepted practices at the University. The heads of the living groups could be powerful figures in aiding the cause. Under the present conditions, there are instances where upperclassmen have encouraged and advised the lower classes to enter "combines."

The motion, as has been passed, to make election days "red-letter" days on the campus is a good one. By allowing all-day polling, under *Arcadia* supervision, the entire class is given the opportunity to vote. By publishing the pictures and the qualifications of the nominees, more interest in the election is as-

sured. Nominations for the offices will not be so numerous nor so indiscriminate; voting will be done more intelligently.

It has been pointed out that many other colleges have allowed combinations and exchanges of votes with the stipulation that they come out in the open with their candidates and with their supporters. This may look as though it is a distinct improvement over the present method at Lehigh, but there are definite disadvantages to such a plan. It is at best but a half-hearted attempt to clean up politics. It would lead to more bitterness of feeling between groups and serve to make more distinct the lines of cleavage. The present method even is to be preferred in that there are no deep-seated enmities between the groups; the rivalry changes

from time to time.

The honor system in politics may be considered as too utopian, as a method that is far too impractical to cope with human nature (under which guise most human weakness is justified), but it is not! It is really the best way to assure a fair and square deal. It is true that the University cannot be expected to swallow the idea and to bring about an almost complete reversal of its practices over night. However, with orientation of the new men, politics should soon be as well taken care of as the fraternity rushing situation at the beginning of the year. At any rate, he was wise who said that nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must be first overcome.



BALLADE OF SPRING FEVER

(Dedicated to myself, whose untiring labors and helpful criticism alone made it possible)

The brooks are filled with winter snows,
The cricket chirps incessantly,
The jay proclaims what each one knows—
"The world's alive and good to see,
To be enjoyed right merrily,
Sans scoffing sneers, and sickly doubt,
Which poets have"—(for instance me.)
The decuce with this, I'm going out!

The leaves are lit with golden glows
Like fairy fingers in each tree;
The bud fortells the full-blown rose;
Impatient waits the honey-bee;
All's made for spring—and poetry.
(Yet here I sit and restless pout
For words wherewith to rhyme in "e".)
The deuce with this, I'm going out!

But I must make this poem close
If I desire to gain my fee,
And hurry, too, because it goes
To press at four—it's half-past three.
The Editor, by vile decree,
Allows no respite—brutal lout—
Insists that he must have copy.
The deuce with this, I'm going out!

Ennui

Prince, thou art dead, but I am he
Who lives to love and laugh and shout,
"Who cares a whit for balladry?
The deuce with this, I'm going out!"
Marvin Sidney '29.

FOR DEAR OLD HOKUM

ANONYMOUS

A comparatively young alumnus discusses the permanency of "the old fight."

HHEAD Coach Moses was concluding his "pep" talk:

"Gentlemen, we're going out tomorrow to win. (Cheers) Bunkus is coming down here with a good team, the best in years I've been told. But we're ready for 'em. (Hurrah) Our boys has been working hard. (Whoopee) All fall they has been out there practicing every day. Why has they done it? They has done it for you and for Old Hokum. (Yaaaaaa) Tomorrow they are going to do their bit —FOR YOU. (Yooooowwww) Do youse appreciate the sacrifices they has made for you? Do youse realize that they can't lick Bunkus alone? Tomorrow is your opportunity to show whether or not you appreciate what they's'e done and are doing for youse? No team can fight, fight, fight unless they know that the student body they is fighting for are out there backing them up. I'm not going to say nothing more. It's up to youse men, students and graduates, to say whether Hokum beats Bunkus tomorrow. Are you going to help? (Pause) Are you? (Yeeeeeeesssss — wheeeeeeee — whoopeeeeeee—hurrah—cheers—applause — pandemonium.)

"Skyrocket for Mose, the greatest football coach in America."

"Zzzzzzzzz—boom!!"

The reverberation of the cheer rocks the rafters of the gymnasium as 5,000 undergraduates and alumni lock arms, slap

backs and sway rhythmically to the beat of the cheerleader's gestures.

"Now fellows, Mose has—"

The scene is familiar. It is presented annually in the fall on every football campus in America. For each Hokum has its Bunkus and each Hokum or Bunkus has a record to uphold or a table to turn. Traditions! School spirit!! The old fight!! What college or university lacks these essentials of a higher education?

Glorious hours. Halcyon days. The joy of victory, the bitterness of defeat. Are they thrills which come only once in a lifetime? Must they be discarded as part payment for the diploma which certifies to the world that John is an educated man and that the sacrifices of proud mother and father have not been in vain?

The question of the permanence of undergraduate school spirit and loyalty is one which only an alumnus can answer. But which alumnus: the newly made or the veteran? But six years removed from my last snake dance I am not attempting to reply for all graduates but merely for those who like myself have learned only recently, to their dismay, that it is possible to hear of their dear Hokum's dropping the crucial contest to pernicious Bunkus and still enjoy a hearty meal.

To the undergraduates that such a day should ever arrive seems incredible. Any graduate who has been out as long as I,

however,—and I consulted at least a score before starting to write this article—will admit, unless he is still trying to “kid” himself, that it is the painful truth. The creed, “Once a Hokumite, always a Hokumite” is as true as ever when loyalty to one’s alma mater as an educational institution is considered. No grad, furthermore, ever reaches the stage where he prefers to have his Hokum lose to Bunkus. It is the rahrahism which causes college men to grow unkept beards, miss classes and meals and neglect all other activities “for the team” that is buried with the class numeral, the fraternity charm and other insignia of the “higher things” of collegiate undergraduate life.

The dying pains are excruciating. Above I suggested the chagrin bordering on horror with which the newly educated man becomes aware of this harbinger of senility. In my own case the discovery of the first symptoms was devastating and the ensuing struggle against fate vehement. It was the occasion of my third “crucial” contest after graduation. I had joined the cavalcade of undergraduates on its march to the field proudly behind the band. I sat in the cheering section and prepared to “do my bit.” It didn’t work and my resistance was futile and pitiful. That guiltiest feeling of impotence crept over me until it became an obsession, and I trembled lest my younger brethren should become cognizant of my turpitude. In this state of trepidation I celebrated or drowned my sorrows (I have forgotten which it was) with them after the manner of their kind. Two days later, regaining consciousness miles away all that remained as a memento of the experience was a very hoarse larynx, a violent headache and a shattered ego. I felt myself a failure and a disgrace to dear old Hokum. I was even tempted to forfeit my degree out of a feeling of unworth-

iness. Since that day I have never appended to my signature the initials which prove my superiority over the average man.

Every graduate passes through some such weaning process and emerges with the same feeling of pusillanimity. Some alumni retain “the old fight” for longer than three years. They are the ones who have kept up fraternal connections even after the generation to which they belonged has departed. As the chapter photograph becomes only a galaxy of bizarre physiognomies, however, the fatal metabolism sets in. There are few who survive the fourth year. Bear in mind I am writing from atop the sixth milestone. Possibly there is a recrudescence of “the old fight” later, but I doubt it.

What has happened to “the old fight”? Is it actually lost and gone forever like Clementine? Rather, it has been sublimated. Your son of Hokum is now using that energy to outwit and win promotion over the Bunkus man who works congenially at his elbow and exotically exhibits on occasion traits which in a distinterested, impartial company might cause him to be taken for a Hokumite despite his undergraduate inferiority. It is this same “fight” which is expanded upon Masonry, the Odd Fellows, the Moose and the Knights of Columbus, and later upon Rotary and Kiwanis.

While discussing with an undergraduate the outline upon which this manuscript was constructed, I was interrupted at this juncture by a contemptuous, “You’re all wet.” The subsequent proof which he offered to discredit my generalization that graduates lose that quality which undergraduates call “school spirit” was the example of alumni who make a religion of returning for homecomings and commencements and whose zeal for those things which I would call transient seems

undiminished.

My answer? Seduce your juvenile acting alumnus into a stuffy corner and clear your nostrils. He knows what he is doing and why. Realizing his own deficiencies he has taken steps to fortify himself against them, and he has discovered the fountain by which he can regain his youthful virility for the nonce. The hilarious alumnus at a mass meeting or contest is no criterion by which to form judgments in this matter. For football games, flag pole sitting contests and chess tournaments are all alike to him in his condition. To my mind there are few more pathetic figures than a graduate one or two generations removed striving to become again "one of the boys." I feel that he deserves more sympathy than university authorities and alumni secretaries are prone to extend.

The inebriated alumnus is striving as a loyal son of Hokum to regain that of which time has emasculated him and which he considers indispensable so as to not appear as a poltroon in his own eyes and in the eyes of his successors in upholding Hokum traditions.

The sensible alumnus, after the first pangs have disappeared, realizes, however, the inevitability of the metamorphosis which he has undergone. The exigencies of business are accountable, and in his sane moments he would not have it otherwise. He learns to support his college football eleven in the same spirit with which he roots for his favorite major league baseball team. A defeat to

either does not send him into despondency from hallowe'en to Santa Claus.

Although this article is written primarily for undergraduates, I wish to conclude with a precautionary word to fellow alumni. Don't become supercilious in your attitude toward this "old spirit" which I have gently held up to ridicule in this article. Remember the dog-eared fable of the fox (or was it a wolf?) and the sour grapes. You are to be forgiven the effusion of eloquence with which you inundated your brothers at your first commencement after a year's experience with the hard, cruel business world. Your arrogance at that time was pardonable since you were still almost adolescent. Now that you have been out five or ten years, however, and have learned the true commercial value of Phi Beta Kappa or a sweated "H," don't commit the offense which you condemn in your younger brothers. If you were to be frank there is hardly one of you who would not wish to change places with these "youngsters" with their warped point of view and hyperbolic sense of values. There is none among you who wouldn't give plenty to be able to catch again the lost feeling of which time has deprived you. The snake dance, the pep meeting, Coach Moses, the team, the "old fight" were experiences by which you profited and which you'd like to have again. Honestly, who among you would not change positions with the undergraduate to whom they constitute existence and to whom they mean living reality?



So versed have I become in telling lies,
In making gestures for the gestures' sake,
In thinking things my cautious heart denies,
And speaking them to see what ends they make;
So neatly have I learned to play my part
In all the spiteful dramas of my mind,
To let the satisfactions of my art
Wipe out the little of remorse I find;
That now, when I have cause to leave my lies,
Forsake the arts my treach'rous mind equips,
Truth finds no mirror in my ill-trained eyes,
And plays so heavily upon my lips,
 I fear to speak, or move, or look at you,
 Lest out of habit I remain untrue.

G. A. Ondeck.

ADOLESCENCE — A SHORT STORY

BY EUGENE SLOANE

UNTIL his seventeenth spring the current of Mark Mathias's life had been, generally speaking, no different from that of other boys his age in Millville. It had moved along smoothly and uneventfully save for the few inconsequential deviations, the few unimportant vicissitudes, of small town life, which it encountered from day to day. But from the time in his seventeenth spring when the willows first made splashes of vivid green about the country side, a strange ferment developed within him, a ferment of vague, inexpressible longing which unsettled and changed him inwardly though his exterior remained the same, that of a somewhat overgrown boy for his age, a tall, slender, slightly awkward youth with light blue eyes, tanned, freckled features, and honey-colored hair.

The first definite indication of this change was his increasing dissatisfaction with his after school amusements; he grew especially tired of loafing in the evenings at Martin's Confectionery. Formerly he had always eaten his supper with objectionable haste and hurried down town to join the crowd of young fellows who congregated there; now on the warm spring evening as he descended Fountain Hill Road to Central Street and the confectionery, he was more and more conscious of a feeling of dissatisfaction and discontent which was close to revolt.

He sensed dimly that he wanted something; he did not know what it was, but he knew, at least, that it was something more than taking part with the other boys in their empty comment, their stale jokes, and their crude horseplay night after

night. "I want more than that out of life," he affirmed to himself with an impatient fling of his hand. "I'm different." He felt a glow of self approval.

As the fine spring days slipped by, his restlessness grew. And though for want of something better, he continued to join the noisy crowd at Martin's every evening, he gradually formed the habit of going home early and reading until bed time.

This slight change in the monotonous sameness of his life did not satisfy him, however. Later, instead of going directly home, he often wandered by himself on the dark side streets of the town. In a sort of reverie he would saunter along in the heavy shadows of the overhanging maples and elms. The black and silver lacework, which the moon, filtering thru the thick foliage, traced on the pavement, fascinated him.

And sometimes as he drifted along he would glance dreamily in at the windows of the lighted houses. He could see gesticulating forms and mask-like faces engaged in a mysterious, unintelligible pantomime. "All over the world people are at home like that tonight," he would remark softly to himself. "How strange it all seems!"

Then on these nocturnal strolls, obeying a blind urge, he began to follow at a distance girls who were alone. At first he made no attempt to overtake them. He was content to walk quietly along behind them until they entered a house or turned down toward one of the better lighted streets. He kept so far to the rear that he could not hear their steps; their white dresses floated mysteriously along with-

out a sound.

Eventually, though, this impersonal shadowing, like everything else, paled in interest too. So he grew bolder and tried to overtake these solitary girls on the dark shadowed side streets. "I will make love to her," he would say under his breath as he quickened his step, his heart pounding with excitement.

He had never had any experience with girls, but he knew from his reading and from the conversation of older fellows that all girls expected a fellow to make love to them. Just why older fellows always seemed so interested in love, he could never understand. Yet that seemed their sole, or almost their sole, topic of conversation. He loved Mary, his sister, but he did not see anything so alluring in that. When he kissed her he felt no different, so far as he could see, than when he kissed his mother. Perhaps, though, with a strange girl it was different.

However, when he overtook some girl, he lost his confidence, he became confused with embarrassment. So he would either cross abruptly to the other side of the street or pass hurriedly by without even glancing at her. These frequent frustrations helped only to fan the fire of his discontent.

One Saturday late in May, grown restless from sitting all afternoon with some other boys on a wooden bench in front of Martin's watching the Saturday crowds drift ceaselessly up and down Central Street, he took an aimless walk out over the cemetery hill into the country and came at last to the foot of Shaw's Peak, one of the highest hills in the county. Though it was getting late, already the hill threw a long cool shadow to the east, he decided to climb to the rocky summit.

A stiff, breathless climb of half an hour brought him abruptly to the top. He

had been so intent on the path, spongy from a vivifying rain the night before, that he had not noticed the view which was growing about him, and now on the summit, he was temporarily spellbound.

For miles the wooded hills and valleys of Mingo County lay spread before him, a checker-board of countless shades and tints of green, and in and out among the hills, twisting and turning like a living thing, went a pure silver ribbon, the clear waters of Mingo River. Far beyond all discernible objects a wall of slate-colored hills met and disappeared into a purplish haze.

He continued to look until his eyes grew dim with tears, which, sliding down his freckled cheeks, startled him. Hurriedly he wiped his eyes and instinctively glanced around to make sure that he was alone. Then he whispered, "It is beautiful!"

Soon another mood came over him. "Out there over those hills lies the world," he said aloud this time, "and some day I am going out there. There's where I belong; not here." He felt like a conqueror surveying the distant domain one day to be his. He folded his arms and stood stiffly erect. Years later, perhaps, a monument dedicated to him would stand on this very spot.

He grew tired of standing and sat down on a small log, his chin resting on his drawn up knees, his hands running softly through his silky hair. A mood of melancholy contentment welled up from his heart.

As he watched, the sun dropped behind, and silhouetted, a clump of trees on a neighboring hill, the soft dusk increased, the purplish mist of the horizon grew darker and nearer like a diaphanous veil drawn by invisible fingers, the valleys disappeared in black silent pools, and after them even the round tops of the hills;

night closed in.

It seemed to him, as first one object after another was swallowed up, that at last he was left floating in empty space above it all, a silent watcher contemplating the submergence of a whole world beneath a rising sea. Only he, a lone soul, remained.

When finally he got reluctantly to his feet to go, a sob choked him. Why did not something fine and worth while happen in his life? His descent of the hill was far more rapid and reckless than the darkness and the uneven ground warranted.

Nearing Millville it came to him abruptly that unless he wished to make a long, difficult detour through Langeley's wood lot it would be necessary to go through the Catholic cemetery on the hill overlooking the town. He hesitated, but then with a touch of bravado overcame his superstitious fears and continued to follow his present path.

Half way through the cemetery he discovered that the portentous quiet of the spot with its serried rows of white, silent tomb stones among the trees gave him a half pleasureable thrill. He took a seat on a flat, lichen covered slab of granite and listened attentively to the faint sounds about him. The pine trees whispered mysterious messages of consolation to each other, an owl quavered softly to its mate, and some whip-poor-wills in the woods across a gully called ceaselessly to one another. Somewhere, far off in the distance, a train whistled.

"I am in another world," he affirmed to himself. "A world of the dead. Everything sleeps here, and does not hear of that world from which I come. But I am not ready to sleep yet, and I will go back to it."

He arose to go, but suddenly yielding to a sub-conscious impulse put his arms

around the strong, graceful trunk of a maple tree. He threw his head back and looked up into the tangled foliage through which only two or three stars glimmered. Then he closed his eyes and gave himself up to a peculiar mood. "This tree," he thought in whispers, "lives too. Maybe it knows that my arms are around it and is saying gentle things to me only I cannot understand."

He felt a strange longing to sink into it as into something penetrable and soft, and be absorbed into its nature, to be one with it. "To be one with it," he repeated several times.

But he could not. He and the tree must remain ever separate. Still clinging to the rough bark, he suddenly burst into a wild paroxysm of crying. He wanted something, something intensely, but he could not understand what it was.

After his grief had partially spent itself, he continued with heavy heart through the cemetery and came out on Front Street. Though he knew it was past bedtime, he did not want to go home yet. All the ferment of discontent, all the vague longing in his heart, seemed at an overflow tonight.

Without aim he continued down Front Street. As he neared the railroad tracks he saw walking slowly ahead of him a girl. She was alone. Instantly he grew feverish with excitement and increased his pace. This time, he vowed instead of passing by like a fool he would make love as a man should. He would be no longer a shy, inexperienced booby.

Slightly before he came abreast of the girl, she turned her head and said, "Good evening," in a low husky voice.

He was taken by surprise. Nervously he muttered, "Hello," and in spite of the resolution still warm on his lips, he started to hurry past her.

She, however, kept pace with him and

pressed a little closer. "You look lonesome tonight. Are you?"

"Yes, I suppose so," he admitted at last.

"That's too bad. What's the matter? Aren't you happy?"

"No, I guess not." His throat was perfectly dry.

"Let me make you happy." She pressed against him suggestively. He drew away slightly. "You couldn't make me happy."

"Why not?"

"Because."

"I think I could. Let me try. Won't you?" She pressed against him once more and put her warm bare arm around his waist.

He grew more and more nervous and excited. He felt that she was speaking of something which he did not understand and she did, but which he ought to understand. In spite of himself he did not want to though. There was something about it all that frightened him.

They entered some deep concealing shadows alongside a vacant lot. She stopped and put her arms around his body. Then gently she pulled his head down to her face and pressed her lips to his.

It seemed to him as though hot fire had touched his lips, had pierced them. Tremors ran through his body and hot waves of emotion swept over him. He could hear the blood swirling through his ear drums. He breathed with difficulty; he felt half choked.

The tumultuous character of these strange new emotions threw him into an unreasoning panic. Wildly he jerked himself loose from her tight, clinging embrace, turned, and ran blindly down the dark street. As he stumbled along, a mocking laugh which had come from her lips rang in his ears.

When he reached the railroad tracks,

he threw himself down on a sloping stack of ties and for the second time that night burst into a fit of unrestrained sobbing.

What was the matter with him? Why had he been frightened? Why had he run away? "Something is the matter with me," he whispered miserably. "I must be queer. Why did I act that way? What was I afraid of? Oh, I am queer!" He wept for a long time, unable to control his grief.

An hour passed, and a train, moving slowly, came down the east bound track. He raised his hot, tear stained face from his folded arms and watched the huge black gondolas and box cars rumble by, like an endless, black-draped caravan. A longing to be going with it came to him. "If I could only go away from everything," he wished hopelessly.

As though in answer to his wish there was a grinding of brakes, and with a rumble and roar which moved swiftly from car to car until it was lost in the distance around the bend, the train came to a stop. Now the silence by contrast seemed profound, heavy.

A few cars to his right was a box car with its door wide open. The black opening, like a wide doorway into the unknown, beckoned to him.

His breath caught. If he wished to, he could easily climb in and go with it on its eastern journey to New York, and beyond that were London, Cairo, Bagdad, Bombay, Shanghai! The urge to take the opportunity became almost overpowering. "I can't though," he affirmed hopelessly. "I wouldn't dare to. I couldn't do it." But the desire persisted.

Down the length of the shining track, green lights signalled security and success for the night run to the eastern markets.

Perhaps in some other place he would not feel as he had felt here these last

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MODERN AMERICAN CRITICISM

(A Review of Paul Elmer More's "The Demon of the Absolute")

BY MARVIN SIDNEY

DURING the last twenty-five years there has been waged a long literary battle, and the conflict has been centered about the proposition, Resolved, There are standards of literary merit, and humanism is their prophet. It has been a very uncertain war at all times, with intellectual lances broken on both sides, and for the spectators at least, doubly thrilling therefore. In 1904, with the first of the Shelburne Essays, Paul Elmer More led what was, I think, the opening attack for the affirmative. Since that time, Stuart P. Sherman and Irving Babbitt have added their lusty efforts to the same cause, while on the other side have appeared their lusty efforts to the same cause, while on the other side have appeared James Huneker, J. E. Spingarn and H. L. Mencken. To add to the list, Brownwell, Brooks, Rascoe, Boynton, Mumford and Lewisohn are but a few of the eminent names which appear on the roll of combatants.

Today the war is almost ended. Sherman has died, along with Huneker; Babbitt, except for a rare magazine article, is out of the fight; Spingarn has retired from the academic field, and also, it would seem, from criticism in general; Mencken, who was wont to charge at the head of his troops, now shouts vainly in the van, while they ride away without him. More, himself feeling that the battlefield is somewhat deserted, surveys the war, and despite his sixty-eight years, delivers in "The Demon of the Absolute" what appears to be the summary for the affirmative.

The first two essays in the book, the one of which gives the book its title, are the most interesting from the critical standpoint. The Demon of the Absolute, Mr. More states, is that iniquitous tendency to form life into a monism of eternal flux, absolute mechanicism, or the complete negation of matter. Its modern aspects are found in works ranging from those of Clarence Darrow to Whitehead and from Mencken to Croce. Yet it is not only modern, for it appears in the Renaissance, reaches a high-water mark in Rousseau and extends throughout the Romantic movement. We must break loose from this tendency, says More, for it is only by recognizing the fundamental duality of human experience that the true humanism can be reached. We have been in a precarious way, More holds, and, "the only escape from our muddle is to overthrow this idol of Unity, this Demon of the Absolute, this abortion sprung from the union of science with metaphysics, and submit ourselves humbly to the stubborn and irreducible fact that a stone and the human soul cannot be brought under the same definition." In the resulting dualism we find the changing world of flux and the eternal values; and among the values are those of literature, with which More is especially concerned.

More's stand in relation to criticism may be summed up in his own words, wherein he holds that "certain standards of taste exist which approximate more or less to universality" for "the law of taste is the least changeable fact of human na-

ture." These standards are to be found in the masterpieces of literature which have survived time's gaping jaws. And they are great not merely because they are old, but also because it is to them that men return time and time again for their greatest pleasure. This taste is not alone an intuitive faculty, as the opponents of More would sometimes have us believe. It is developed through a study of the classic works. "Teach a boy to take pleasure in the things that are fine and pure and strong and of good repute, and you have prepared him for a life wholesome and useful to the community," and for the literary critic this is especially necessary, for "the educated man is he who has the right to pronounce on the standards of taste, because he has had experience of both the higher and lower pleasures." Strong words these are, but not without being needed. In a fashion, it is all very well to "burn with a hard, gem-like flame before masterpieces" but as a literary principle this serves to deify whatever happens to please the capricious critic.

The second chapter, "Modern Currents in American Literature," was originally written for the *Revue de Paris*, and intended primarily for French readers, but it later appeared in the *Forum* of January, 1928. Mr. More begins this belated criticism of contemporary American letters by stating that a disability inherent in his theme prevents him from speaking of "the work of our most accomplished novelist Edith Wharton, or of our eminent poets Edwin Arlington Robinson and Robert Frost"; these are not the leaders of the modern trends. Mr. More then digs into his subject with appalling results and slaughter on all sides. When he destroys realism and all its adherents even the most timid member of that group might cry out in horror, "What, all my pretty chickens and their dam at one fell

swoop?" And when More performs the same operation on the romanticists of today—Hergesheimer and Cabell—the echo comes, "All my pretty ones did you say? Did you say all?" At some other time I should like to "dispute it like a man," but here I will merely point out its relation to More's critical position.

Do not be misled by this into believing that More sees no good in our contemporaries who carry the banners of the modern trends. Rather, he would have us think, they are excellent artists corrupted by the Demon of the Absolute. He holds that Sherwood Anderson, in his healthier moments, "shows a vein of genuine and idyllic poetry which might have been developed to almost any extent," and "there was the stuff of a good artist in Mr. Anderson. Dreiser, "if he had only had the chance," "might possibly have produced that fabulous thing, the great American novel," and he has "a spark of genius." Cabell's most sensational work is not without merit, since, "A vein of unfulfilled genius Jurgen undoubtedly has, sufficient to explain its attraction for a certain class of critics." Mr. More sometimes thinks of Amy Lowell "as a genius hag-ridden by theory." Master's "Spoon River Anthology" was, "in its way a notable achievement." Now, unless he has been using the term "genius" in a fashion which only the most fantastic of his opponents would, permit I suspect that More would agree to the statement that these writers might have been genuinely great had they not been undermined by the devastating influence of the Absolute. What they needed was a strong mind to set them back on the right path, when their feet had wandered into dangerous ways.

A distressing question now arises. What was More doing when his help was so badly needed in the field of letters. The

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answer is, that among other things, he was editor of the *Nation* and a teacher at Princeton. But primarily, he was writing his *Shelburne Essays* on literature, the first volume of which appeared in 1904, to be followed by ten others. Dreiser's first book—"Sister Carrie"—was published in 1900, and his second appeared in 1911. Cabell was writing serials for the "*Saturday Evening Post*" in 1902, and his better work came out some years after. Anderson's "*Winesburg, Ohio*" made its debut in 1919, "*The Spoon River Anthology*" made its bow in 1915, while Amy Lowell's "*A Dome of Many-coloured Glass*" arrived in 1912. Yet one finds nothing of any of them in the whole *Shelburne* series. Instead they were left to the dubious mercies of such pernicious rascals as H. L. Mencken, who applauded them, berated them, but above all, brought them to the attention of the reading public. The obvious defense of More's position lies in what might be considered as an altogether natural desire to write only of that which is permanent and worthy. Mr. More commends Robinson and Frost. I believe that he also commends Edith Wharton, though I am not altogether sure, for at one place he speaks somewhat contemptuously of "these purveyors to the market from Mrs. Wharton to Mr. Wright." But there is not a single essay or even part of one devoted to Robinson or Wharton, who have been writing for the last quarter of a century, nor a line on Frost whose first volume appeared seventeen years ago. The Irish Renaissance and Rudyard Kipling are the two most recent subjects of More's.

At this point, I suppose, I am to be met by the query, "Is it the function of the critic to play wet-nurse to the rising young geniuses?" I answer that this query succinctly expresses one of the functions of any critic. The theory that only poster-

ity can really judge, is true in its larger sense, but it is also true that posterity is often influenced by well-placed kicks. Addison gave it one such boot when in a paper of local chit-chat he devoted many columns to the criticism of "*Paradise Lost*," a poem then comparatively unknown; Sidney administered a similar propulsion when he praised his native ballads and ventured to discuss his contemporary dramatists; and both of these men have been highly applauded for their recognition of worthy contemporaries. Addison also remarked that one might tell a poor critic by the fact that he never lauded a contemporary. Yet More is not a poor critic—far from it. Had he but felt some of the sympathy for the Romanticists and the moderns that he feels for the classics, he might have contributed a great deal to the development of both.

One is tempted to say that More's interpretation of the modern's is due to the same faults that he finds in his opponents—lack of education and a kind of irresponsibility. It is hard to believe that he has read the books he speaks of, and still harder to believe that he read them without a preconceived prejudice. That very same prejudice carried him into dangerous paths when he praises, in this same essay, Frye's "*Romance and Tragedy*," wherein this author holds for a "poetic justice," which it has been said, is neither justice nor poetic. Poetic justice was also widely proclaimed and given that title by one Rymer, whose bludgeoning style anticipated Mencken, and whose dazzling criticisms had earned him the title of the worst critic in the English language.

By this time it may be clear that More's critical basis is sound, though his interpretation of it is too often faulty. Another critic agrees with More that the difficulty of the Spingarn-Croce theory of intuition-

al criticism lies in the fact that it does not go far enough. "The fact is, of course, that criticism as humanly practiced, must needs fall short of this intuitive recreation of beauty, and what is more, it must go a good deal further....Moreover, beauty as we know it in this world is not the apparition in vacuo that Dr. Spingarn seems to see. It has its social, its political, even its moral implications....To denounce morals out of hand is to pronounce a moral judgment." And this from no other book than "Prejudices—First Series," by Henry Louis Mencken. A close examination of a subject discloses strange bed-fellows. However, one must add that this was only a temporary lapse of Mencken, who never was very explicit about his own critical position, and with good reason, for it shifted continually.

More's position illustrates clearly both the weaknesses and the strength of his critical attitude. He calls for thorough scholarship and a consideration of the best that has already been written. But he is weak in his distrust of all that does not follow the classic ideal, and all that is new or unprecedented. A critic such as Mencken, on the other hand, has none of

the fine scholarship of More, nor his knowledge of the literature of the past, but when faced with a new work he carries to it a good critical sense combined with a genuine enthusiasm for the works. Both of them, I believe agree on more things than they appear to notice. Both descend to a type of criticism which, at times, is little more than slander, and both might be more lenient with their doctrines were they not pushed so hard by the opposition. Moreover, had Mencken ever bothered to notice it, he would probably have admired the fight which both More and Babbitt have made against the pedantry of academic circles. It is no little thing to hold off the adherents of philology with one sword and to repel a Mencken with another rapier. And finally, I think, both could join hands and repose in bliss at the slightest mention of Bach.

Where criticism is now going, it is hard to say. Suffice it that this was a noble battle, and someone, no doubt, won a victory.

"'But what good came of it at last?'

Quoth little Peterkin,

'Why that I cannot tell,' said he

'But 'twas a famous victory'."





A REVISED ARTS CURRICULUM

BY A. J. WIESNER, JR.

EVERYWHERE college administrators are struggling with the growing problem of bringing the college into proper adjustment with modern life and the conditions it imposes upon the colleges. Critics are added to the ranks every day. In fact the problem has become a popular one; even the magazine sections of our newspapers have grabbed at it and are turning it into journalistic value.

The problem is vital, even though the continuous drive on it in writing has tended to make us used to it as nothing more than a problem to be discussed. Our own College of Arts and Science has tackled the problem and is preparing a revision of its curriculum.

But it is not in a revised curriculum alone that the redemption of the college lies. True, there is all too much that is antiquated and inadequate in the present curriculum. There is still adherence to tradition, inclusion of too many snaps and non-essentials, cramping of major, students, and lack of cooperation between departments.

And there is this glaring failure worst of all: that the College of Arts and Science does not give a man adequate preparation for life.

Seniors, unless they are fortunate enough to be able to continue in study, or to have positions awaiting their appearance on the scene, or unless they have fulfilled state requirements for teaching, are in something of a woeful condition. They have no idea of what they intend to do. And what is as bad, they have no idea of what they are fitted to do...unless it be 'to think,' to learn which, for four years they had been told, they were at college!

The reason the present curriculum fails to fit a man is not so much the defects in the curriculum as a curriculum. It is the defects in the student body — defects which prevent it from finding a "preparation for life." The single, traditional diet is served out to all alike; and naturally, since there are students and non-students, cultural and practical, the non-students and the practical students must force themselves, willy-nilly, to partake of the distasteful diet. And the results are what we have.

But a sifting out of students into proper classes does not seem imminent. America is pledged to democratic education. And it is probably futile to look for anything but a diluted product.

Whatever other means there are of alleviating the situation, then, must be pursued to the limit. And so we have the emphasis thrown upon curriculum revision.

At the same time that the curriculum committee submitted its plans for a revised curriculum, it issued the following statement: "We believe that the function of the College of Arts and Science is **primarily vocational**, that is, vocational in the most liberal sense of the word, which includes the so-called preparation for life....."

As aims go, this is an advanced one. And particularly so for Lehigh. For, in the 1928-1929 catalogue, recently off the press, appears the following diametrically opposed aim: "The College of Arts and Science of Lehigh offers the traditional college curriculum modified to meet the needs of modern life and thought. Such a curriculum in its purpose is **primarily informing and cultural, not vocational.**"

Our College of Arts and Science from now on will consider the liberal education as a "preparation for life," not merely as a preparation for future research work. It is an attempt to overcome the failing which Dean Hawkes of Columbia accused his college of — "the failure to interest the boy in what is to become his life work, and consequently, the failure to equip him for his career."

And it is high time that this new note did creep into our educational system. For, though I merely repeat, the ranks of the student body are not composed only of the men who are going into further study. In fact, their number is by far the smaller.

But though I am in full sympathy with such an aim, I must say that I scarcely find it warranted by the changes that are being advised. There is, after all, little difference in the nature of the new plan: a few changes in requirements, an extension of liberty, an increased chance for concentrated study, more general courses—but still cultural and in some respects traditional.

This is all splendid for the man with the cultural purpose. But what of the man with the "bread and butter" purpose? Frankly, I can offer no solution other than that which can come through his own seriousness and wise choosing of subjects. Undoubtedly he can learn to think and thus to prepare himself. But it seems quite useless to me to suppose that the College of Arts and Science can do much to equip a man with tools. The liberal arts were not so intended.

Yet it is certain that the new plan is more vocational than the old plan, for under it, perhaps, the practical student will have greater opportunity to engage himself in the more practical of the arts courses.



PREACHER'S SONS AREN'T PLASTER SAINTS

BY PAUL MEREDITH

THE heavy oaken door closed behind him soundly. He heard his father's footsteps in his journey back to his desk in front of the fireplace. John's ears burned like fire and he still felt words clawing in his throat for expression, that had failed to come to his defense in the other room. His knees felt shaky and he looked longingly at a snug rocker by the window in the living room. The idea of such proximity to the scene of his late shame was intolerable and he rushed upstairs to his own room. There, in a remote corner of the big house he felt more calm but only by lying down on the bed with his arms folded under his head, and with his eyes closed so that he could shut out the oppressing presence of the several clerical objects in the room, could he induce a temporary lull of forgetfulness.

Downstairs, John's father, the reverend Dr. Machannon, went on serenely in his preparation of a short sermon for the mid-weekly gathering of the more hardy of his flock. The occasional creaking, which Dr. Machannon knew could only come from the outworn springs of his son's outworn bed, caused him to revert to the recent scene of chastisement and from that to another recent scene, whose freshness of detail to him now was a distinct surprise, in which his son, John, had played an aggressive part. When the pastor had literally stumbled across his son, during the course of a little church party for the Epworth League, where almost everyone was sitting and playing Flinch and Rook on Sunday School tables, in full possession of the top step of a darkened

staircase, embracing with some ardour, a small dark-haired girl, his anxiety that his son's audacious exploit might leak out was only exceeded by his righteous dismay and the prompt belief that John had all the traits of a young voluptuary. Fired with zeal, when he found his own son trading in gross sensations, he began the amusing problem of trying to expurgate Desire from his heart. In his most sermonizing style, verbose and sententious, he had launched upon John an oration whose meaning John could hardly distill from the mass of words hurled at him. There was much about duty and much about salvation. John interpreted the one as an aspect of his father's prodigious worry that the good people of the church might find out, and the other as an old-time threat which his father constantly rode when he was an evangelist. John was ready to apologize and make a neat explanation, when his father called him a young pig-boiled fool. This he resented as unjustifiable, for the imputation was too plain, even if his father had not been very witty or careful in his biological selection of animal types. Yet it was impossible for him to defend himself on this point. It was inevitable that his father would not understand, or even worse, misunderstand. His father had rounded out the lecture with an exhibition of arm-waving and table-thwacking which John noticed has not been excelled since his father had quit giving Temperance lectures. He had looked very dogged and very dumb, so his father seemed satisfied. The noise upstairs had ceased but Dr. Machannon faintly began to doubt

the efficacy of his frank discussion (as he styled it) with his son.

John appeared at the dinner table quite unabashed. He discussed freely with Mrs. Christy, the housekeeper, the latest news, of which she gave a faithful and up-to-the minute account, culled from the headlines of an evening newspaper which was composed chiefly of headlines. After a pudding, his father left the table and without showing any signs of interest in John's intentions for the evening, remarked that after prayer meeting he would review John on Cicero's third oration for Pompey, and the Mithridatic war. John groaned discreetly, but immediately went upstairs and brought down a dog-eared, tattered, backless volume so inscribed with Greek emblems to look more Hellenic than Roman, and also from the bottom drawer of a tall dresser a contrastingly neat volume which was a literal, interlinear translation of the orations of Cicero. When he had ascertained that his father had left the rectory and heard Mrs. Christy noisily occupied in the rear of the house, he stole downstairs with the books.

At the right of the foot of the staircase, was the parlour of the rectory which, for the most part of the time, was as empty of life as a sarcophagus. Although occasionally enlivened with a wedding, the room was sombre in the extreme. The plush of the furniture was a heavy hue of green, matched by an even sicklier green in the portieres that hung in the doorway and the curtains that eclipsed the light of day in two front windows. It is doubtful whether the eccentric patterns in the rug had ever before been executed in such dismal colors. Here John retreated. He opened a window, attached a small lamp to a plug and from under a huge stationary arm-chair pulled an ash tray and a box of Egyptian cigarettes. This

vice was probably his worst he knew, and after lighting up, decided to limit himself to one inhalation to every three draws. Laying out the books, he began a studied comparison of the two Ciceros. However, his practiced eye could not pass over hastily a much admired picture of Diana, the huntress formed in marble. A wanton wind seemed to blow her short tunic about her slim body, and to reveal the virgin outline. The presence of the tunic faintly annoyed John and he tried to think of the slim Diana in one of the moods of Venus. He failed because he could not dissociate from Venus her mature expression that awed him in unlicensed moments, so from Diana he proceeded to think of a small dark-haired girl whose liteness reminded him of the goddess, but whose face set up in him a hundred earthly reverberations and caused him to go scudding from the admiring of Greek chastity to a ruddy reflection upon the warmth of a kiss on a cold stairway. Even in this tomb where he shut himself with a hope of minimum distraction from external disturbance, he could not cut off the wilful play of an inward fancy that danced before his eyes and loomed up at him from the pages. Latin words swam in endless parabolas before him and finally the English and Latin blended together and formed railroad tracks across the page. His eyes followed them in a rhythmic procession and his heart beat time in staccato thumps. He flicked a cigarette butt out of the window after lighting another from the burning tip. With the first long drag, he knew that further consideration, then, of Pompey's activities in the Mediterranean were remote; and gave himself over with passionate disregard to the perception of a sensation wafted thru him of a blind power recently awakened yet still unrevealed to his consciousness.

In the morning, John got up and pre-

pared himself for school. He shaved, a bi-weekly affair, and used his father's enormous shaving brush. Some of his rancour towards his father had left him and the use of the shaving brush gave him an intimate feeling toward his father, almost unknown in his presence. After leaving the breakfast table he ran into his father in the hall, as he was about to go out the door. John chilled. His father's preoccupation with the prayer-meeting committee the night before had kept him from discovering the unprepared Latin and John had sneaked off to bed before his father came home. He wondered whether he was going to be catechized about the Latin, but his worst fears were that his father might have something still more to say on a topic that John felt had been covered quite fully on the day before. This conviction spread confusion and he was totally disarmed when his father said,

"Oh, John, yesterday I forget to ask you if this young lady is in your school."

He paused, giving John a chance for a voluntary statement. John, with an eye out the window caught sight of a friend coming up the street. His father slightly irritated, pressed him on.

"Well, is she, or is she not?"

John, catching hope from Mrs. Christy clattering around in the back hallway, and casting off the lost feeling of being suspended between heaven and earth in judgment by his father, admitted that this girl attended the high school, and added that she was a senior. His friend was whistling for him outside and he backed toward the door, instinctively.

"Just a minute." His father's words crackled out electrically and transfixed John, whose hands at that moment quit fumbling for the door knob. His voice moved in quick, smooth-flowing accents; he had forgotten his ecclesiastical intonation and the words sounded high-pitched.

They astounded John in their rapid crescendo; he was almost amazed enough at his father's sudden fury to forget the import of the words and his momentary feeling of dissolution.

"For your own good, I would advise you to ignore this woman entirely in the future. I shall not repeat what I said yesterday for I made it clear to you the besetiality of that passion that seems to have beset you. Your redemption is not certain; if you will not forget that, the sooner you clear your mind of the memory and your soul of the taint left by that ——" He broke off here unable to characterize the episode in any way, but, dogged on to a finish by the intermittent whistles outside, he added:

"Do not so much as recognize her; it will be best for all to act as if nothing had ever happened. If you teachers catch word of it I shall take you from the school."

He felt his father's eyes leave him and he slipped through the door. He looked back, and thought it quite likely that Mrs. Christy would unburden herself of a few opinions at his father's breakfast.

At school he soon found himself a hero in a society he had somewhat envied, a group of youthful libertines, who had been involved in more than one expulsion and whose deeds provided a topic of conversation for themselves almost as invariably as for the rest of the school. Wagging tongues had been busy and when John was confronted by friends begging for facts, he related the whole affair truthfully but rather naively, which made the wiser ones sure that he was holding back something. The fact that he was a preacher's son added zest and people assured themselves that they were quite right in believing the old paradox about preacher's sons. It was almost axiomatic. There never was a more flinty old fighter

of the Devil than Machannon and it was quite natural that his son should be proportionately dissolute. Through it all, John was quite affable, enjoyed it quite a bit, and certainly did nothing to stem the tide of his notoriety. Fortunately, few of his father's parishioners had offspring in the school and he had not realized that the proportions the affair had reached in his own mind, were being shared.

John's own indifference to either upturned noses or furtive flirtations strengthened the growing sentiment that he was a dangerous lover. What seemed to the knowing ones the final proof, his absolute throwing over, and open snubbing of the girl whose provocative charms he had shared in an engaging episode, was a thing that irked him considerably. He had followed his father's injunctions in this matter with heavy misgivings and he often maliciously wished that his father would find out what a "hot" reputation a son might acquire by following a parent's advice explicitly. He wanted to explain to her very badly his own position in the affair. He did pass her once in a deserted hallway and was amazed to find that she acted as if she was unaware that he was even in the same building with her. John realized that he had lost something after all and that inner pulsation which had lately been stifled, quickened again in him. After that meeting he was thoroughly miserable for a whole week.

It was when the novelty of being talked about was wearing thin and when he was tired of composedly accepting, without affirming in action or denying mentally, a whole tradition that had been built up around him, that he met another girl. John's first sight of her not only freshened his jaded dreams, which suffered somewhat from that remoteness of actuality that governed them, but also brought him back to a new reality and gave prom-

ise of something not so ephemeral, yet still more elusive than the intoxication of an imagined emotion.

In the small library of the school he found her and taking a chair at the end of her table he was able to observe her, since she had chosen to sit under an amber light placed above the center of the table. Her face was placid, not given to a diversity of expression, and serene under her straight smooth burnished gold hair that flowed back of her ears into a small knot. Her eyes were blue and suggestive of curiosity, but her lips were not parted and John's eyes became blurred in trying to get a definite image of their delicate contour. John noted that she was taking down something from a large red book which he rightly judged to be one the history classes were using. She soon closed it and John hoping violently that she would ask for the red book's mate, went to the desk just before her and took the other book out. Her dismay at not finding the other book offered him his chance and he took it. Later on, a thrill of surprise ran through the library when John Machannon left the room with Marian Eliot.

John found that Marian Eliot's parents had just moved into a new apartment three squares from the rectory. They had walked there through the dusk of an early twilight, saying very little on the way, but each hiding their real thoughts, based entirely on fanciful impressions of the other. At the entrance of the apartment, however, they stopped to talk in the every-day jargon of the school. She invited him in, but he decorously refused and he presented a counter invitation, vaguely referring to seeing a show some night, lamely allowing the possibility that he might not be able to get out. She accepted, but admitted that it would be better if he would first come up and meet

her parents some night. We can play bridge was what she said. John sighed inwardly at the thought of this meeting, but glibly agreed. A lamp coming on above in the arched entry way impelled him to go and he turned to give her the books he had carried home for her. The shadow caught her across the face, darkening her eyes yet illuminating her lips like a profile in wax, half masked. Fascinated by the carmine outline of her mouth in her ivory-colored skin, he could not take his eyes from them. They brushed close to him as she took the books, indubitably in invitation. However, he refused the invitation then.

Two nights later John took advantage of his father's going into the next county to help install a new preacher, and at precisely a quarter after eight o'clock presented herself at the door of the Eliot's apartment. His coming was a distinct surprise to Marian's parents, who were quite unaware that their daughter had made any friendships with the boys of her new school. She said that she had entirely forgotten that John had promised to bring over some of his earlier history notes, and John artfully cued in by producing a voluminous mass of papers which would not have borne very close inspection by Mr. and Mrs. Eliot. They were leaving for a bridge party in an apartment downstairs, however, and were insistent that John should stay and go over the history notes with Marian. Alone for the first few minutes there was an awkward silence. Finally, she got up and walked over to the talking-machine.

"I suppose that you dance," she said.

"O, I do some, not very often, though," he replied. He really wanted to talk, he wanted to tell her that she looked particularly radiant tonight. The idea of dancing jarred upon him, but it would never do to appear bashful, so he took her into

his arms with an entirely different emotion, from the one he might have felt if they were not dancing. She was very light on her feet and easily followed the rather eccentric perambulations that John assured her were the only steps that counted in the school's smart set. The music stopped sooner than he expected and sooner than he cared, he was forced to admit. He could hardly let her change the record—but in a minute she was back in his arms, murmuring to him something about the ridiculous way he danced. Again the music died away on a barbaric minor chord, but he did not offer to release her until he felt a slight pressure on his arm.

"We really can't stand here forever," Marian said, "I don't think you want to dance any more, do you, John?" She did not feel like assuming the offensive as she had on the steps and she was wondering whether all the things she had heard about him at school were right.

John moved agreeably towards a small fireside sofa, ill at ease from his clumsy attempt at a lover's caress. An internal conflict had completely dispossessed him of any sense of composure. Her own calmness in contrast was almost enervating to him, yet he was sure that she would not accept his protestations without some response. The episode on the steps was adequate proof of that. Now certainly was the time to give him some assistance. He was maddeningly aware that this could be nothing if not his great love affair. He now recalled that he had a similar feeling at the church party when the small dark-haired girl had suggested a rendezvous. That memory spurred him to action. He got up, helped himself to one of Mr. Eliot's cigarettes, recalled a scene of passion from a recent photo drama and resolved to follow a method that seemed to bring this screen fellow invariably satisfactory results. Kneeling

gently behind the sofa, he implanted a fervid kiss just beneath the lobe of Marian's pink and well-washed ear. Never realizing that such ardent emotion could so successfully be feigned, he gathered her into his arms and reaped a harvest of ecstatic kisses. It was unfortunate that Mrs. Eliot coming up to invite them down to a small buffet lunch, should have interrupted the last of a long series of these.

Coming into the rectory from school the next afternoon, John was rather surprised to hear voices issuing from the funeral parlour. It was evident that his father was receiving a distinguished guest or some woman missionary. Something very familiar in that woman's voice he thought.

His father was saying, "But my dear Mrs. Eliot, John does not take the slightest interest in girls any more. How can you accuse him of any unworthy attentions to your daughter?" John could hardly believe that his father was defend-

ing him. A torrent of words descended upon him from the other room and he realized that now he certainly was undone.

"It was not until this morning that I heard about your son. I didn't mind his impertinence with my daughter last night so much, but when it turns out to be only part of his evil design.....Do you know about the name your son has down at school.....All preacher's sons may look and seem to be plaster saints—but they aren't....." These were the salient remarks that Mrs. Eliot made, that is, as far as John was concerned. He decided to go upstairs and prepare for the worst sermon of his life..... "He must not see Marian again"..... Her last words trailed up to him. Who wants to see Linda again, he thought and pacified himself with the recollection of her legs, which were far too thin and slightly bowed. He sighed, for he could not deny that the memory of her face with lips set in a Puritanical line to disguise their wantonness, would in all probability haunt him for some time to come.

Found in an Epitome for 1900:—

THE DUTCH COP'S LAMENT

I valks mine beat in der quiet town
Und glance der street up und den glance it down,
Und how I long for dem gone-by days
Ven I jug lots uff sthudents und get my pays,
Vor efery time ein sthudent I collar
Der judge gets der costs and I gets der dollar.
Vot's became mit dem days vas ein hard ting to tell,
Ja!—dese sthudents now don't vas raise so much hell!

T. F. F.



FABULOUS NEW ORLEANS

BY LYLE SAXON

Fabulous New Orleans might be called a history of Louisiana, but it is something more than that; it is intimate biography of a strange and colorful city. Not only has Mr. Saxon traced the historical development of New Orleans through two centuries and three distinct periods of cultural growth—French, Spanish, and finally American—but he has made his study of such a nature that the town assumes a personality of its own, with all the hopes and fears, passions and disappointments of an individual. He has, in short, found somewhere within all the bizarrerie of Mardi Gras, the fantasies of Negro Carnival, and the weirdness of Voodooism, the soul of New Orleans, and the old, picturesque town becomes a thing of life under his hand.

It is a story of the treacherous floodwaters of the Mississippi; of plagues and revelry; of prosperity and of death; and the book is in itself Mardi Gras—a long and fantastic procession of strange people and stranger happenings. It is the story of men who, forever in danger of flood and fire, plague and evil treachery, dared only to live for the moment, and who met death, when it did come, smilingly.

The illustrations of E. H. Suydam add worth to the volume, not only because of their intrinsic qualities, but also because they are in perfect harmony with the spirit of the book.

MAN THE MIRACLE MAKER

BY HENDRICK VAN LOON

To those who have faith in humanity and who take pleasure in reviewing its accomplishments, **Man The Miracle Maker** should prove interesting reading. It is a fascinating history, simply told, of all of the outstanding inventions and discoveries of man and their relation to human progress through the ages. It may be described as a dramatic outline of history, with Man, in the role of the Scientist, as its chief protagonist. The miracles which man has created, and the phenomena which round his existence, consist of the simple and complex inventions which serve to re-enforce and multiply his natural powers. That is, Man became a maker of miracles when he devised machines to do the work of his own body and to substitute his own limited powers. Tools took the place of hands; wheels served for feet; microscopes and telescopes brought to him new worlds and new concepts of matter; and telephones and radios extended the limits of his auditory capacities.

Man the Miracle Maker is an interesting study of the achievements of man, and of the unlimited possibilities which are yet before him. It affords a basis, in the light of all man's past accomplishments, for conjecture as to the ultimate mark and goal of humanity.

GIANT KILLER

BY ELMER DAVIS

With the publication of "Giant Killer" another of Indiana's favorite sons has made his bid for literary fame. Some few years back Elmer Davis made his debut with a farce entitled "Times Have Changed," following this up quickly with "I'll Show You the Town" and "Friends of Mr. Sweeney." Although these books were quite humorous and keyed up to an extremely rapid action tempo, readers were more interested in noting that the author was one of that shy and mysterious group, the Rhodes Scholars, who appear in the public literary eye on so few occasions, preferring perhaps to leave literature exclusively to one extremely competent representative — the genial Christopher Morley.

In the years that have passed since his first appearance Mr. Davis has become much more settled and mature in his style. "Giant Killer" shows the effects of this maturing in its finished craftsmanship and in its substitution of fine edged wit for the author's first love, slapstick. Traces of the old farce influence flash up now and again, serving only, however, to heighten the effect of a well turned literary product.

"Giant Killer" is, as the title implies, an historical novel dealing with the old story of David and Goliath. Primarily, however, it is the story of Joab, David's younger brother and a practical man in an artistic family. The novel opens with a glimpse behind the scene at the time of Goliath's unexpected demise, moves on with the crowning of David in Saul's stead and with his attempts to unite Israel, ends finally with Joab's death, leaving only the illusion of David—son of Lesse, giant killer—to endure.

In its modern treatment of history this novel can hardly escape the obvious com-

parison with John Erskine's "Private Life of Helen of Troy." It is only in the general treatment and in sophisticated veneer, however, that the two are in any way similar. The double extended and the tongue-in-cheek allusions of Erskine are noticeably missing from "Giant Killer"; in their places are substituted a kindly humour and a sympathetic understanding.

* * *

JEROME

—OR—

THE LATITUDE OF LOVE

BY MAURICE BEDEL

"Jerome" might be called a typical French farce done in the Grand Quignol manner, as it contains all the well known elements of that diverting type of writing. In addition, however, it holds an element of that subtle psychology which has so affected modern French literature since Proust wrote "Du Cote de Chez Swann."

The story is of a young Parisian making his first trip to Norway. He has built up for himself before arriving an illusionary country of Vikings, sardines, and fair blonde maidens as cool and as stately as the snow-covered mountains. On landing he discovers that everything is up to his expectations, though the inhabitants of both sexes are to him embarrassingly frank. In a few months, however, after many cold rebuffs and setbacks, he becomes engaged to one of the fair blondes. In a hotel in Christiana with his frosty fiancée he learned to his horror that Norway had discovered trial marriage long before Judge Ben Lindsay, and in the bedroom scene which follows he realizes that love knows no latitudes. To preserve his illusions he leaves his fiancée, Christina and Norway—quite rapidly.

Translation has evidently not greatly harmed "Jerome." Its well turned, lucid phraseology is characteristically Gallic—and therefore witty and amusing.



DYNAMO

BY EUGENE O'NEILL

In a program note Mr. O'Neill calls attention to the problem he is dealing with in his new play *Dynamo*: 'The Sickness of Today' he calls it. 'The death of an old God and the failure of science and materialism to give any satisfying new one for the surviving primitive religious instinct to find a meaning for life in, and to comfort its fears of death with' Then follows a very significant statement: — 'It seems to me that anyone trying to do big work nowadays must have this big subject behind all the little subjects of his plays or novels, or he is simply scribbling around on the surface of things and has no more real status than a parlor entertainer.'

It is interesting to note that Mr. O'Neill has not foreseen the possibility of a person's attempting this subject, and coming off with no more success or importance than that attached to the performance of the very same parlor entertainer. I think it is one that should be admitted; in fact, I believe that there is much greater opportunity for a writer to achieve something by not dedicating himself to a definite purpose, one such as outlived here by Mr. O'Neill. Especially dramatic writers. Let us take the case of O'Neill himself. So far as I can see his greatest

plays are the ones devoted more strictly to the study of human beings under emotional stress, human beings who are occasionally obsessed by some idea, such as Robert in 'Beyond the Horizon,' or Marco (without any ideas, to be exact) in 'Marco Millions,'—but who, nevertheless, are not exalted representations of an idea. Reuben Light in *Dynamo* achieves this unfortunate category. In him is symbolized the whole struggle between the old God and the New, and in his maniacal ending, there is clearly signified the failure of Science as the New Diety. It all amounts to this: no dramatist is ever able to express a truth about either man or man's relation to society and nature unless he choose intelligible human beings as subjects.. *Dynamo* is not significant either dramatically or philosophically: the two things are not welded in the play—they divide and the point of division is garishly marked in *Dynamo*. In the first two acts, O'Neill exhibits his exceptional and brutal understanding of emotion, and the sheer fury of the action holds you spellbound; it is safe to say that in no other O'Neill play is there as constant and as spectacular drumming on the feelings. Emotional melodrama! — but if you are exasperated by this continued tensivity the spell is undone. For crude force, slangy rant, and panting emotion, this first act

has no equal: there is not one moment in it that is not livid. And for sheer hysteria, only the third act excels it. The second act has some quiet moments and contains the best writing in the play. The last act is given over entirely to the exposition of the thesis. The last act is given over entirely to the exposition of the thesis. Reality ceases; madness reigns. If one were not quite sure that the same thing is being said over and over again, one might be puzzled as to its meaning. But there is never any doubt about that; the play ceases to be a dramatic exhibition after Act 2; in the third act characterization ceases, and play becomes a monologue on the virtues of Dynamo. It might well be called the ritual for Dynamo worshippers.

It is unfortunate that Mr. O'Neill should think that this is solving a problem, or even digging at the roots of one. All the last act is an elaborate aggregation of all the catchy phrases that have frequently reiterated about eternal problems, all that has been said popularly about the atom, and all that can be said about purging oneself of fleshy interests for one's religion. Some of it is dangerously trite. If you can tolerate a constant demonstration of wrathful emotions, the first two acts will appeal to you as drama. Again I think it is unfortunate that Mr. O'Neill should dedicate much to this announced purpose, that there should be this promised deliberation on one thesis. The announcement itself throws an odd light on his character and genius; it would be strange if he himself did not realize what a curiously paradoxical remark this is for an artist to make.

CAPRICE
BY SIL-VARA

Caprice is a good comedy, but one that seems surprisingly caustic in its cynicism, and that for a heroine has a woman who

mingles intelligence with a degree of malvolence unusual in comedy. One also suspects that much of the originality of the two leading characters may have been added by acting of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and some expert twists of Philip Moeller's adaption: this, however, is conjectural, and could not be proved without further information. At any rate it is a suave, agreeable comedy, and the persons all have a sufficient taint of malice so that the more affecting portions of the play never wound one's feelings deeply. It certainly, at least, lives up to one time-honored view of comedy—that the comic writer views human nature as being essentially ridiculous. The fact that the dramatist in this case condones the actions of the two most important people and does not chastise them more severely, is evidence, I suppose, of a thoroughly matured sophistication on his part.

The story of *Caprice* concerns the trials of a certain amorous Viennese lawyer, who has always been skilful at combining pleasure and business, when he faced with the sudden problem of fatherhood which tends to interfere seriously with his contemplated marriage to his mistress. For a time his tender regard for what he feels is due his son threatens to sidetrack his love for his mistress; but the combination of the boy's mother pulling one way, and his mistress the other makes impossible the furthering of his fatherhood, and what he after all most desires—a release from the responsibility—is brought about the mistress's playing at love with the son. The father and son really never have a chance to avoid the snares of this school of women of two members. Despite the fact that the father is not adapted to understand the temperament of his son, the disruption of their short friendship is not especially funny. The predatory and amusing Ilsa von Ilsen pricks the sentimental bubble right before the lawyer's

nose; and in doing this, she has him—thereafter, he son forgets about the noble things that were to result from his fatherhood. If the boy's mother was not such a foolish piece of prudery, we might feel more savage towards Ilsa than we do.

Altogether *Caprice* has as much mechanical perfection as a good comedy can have, and in saying that I do not mean that it lacks spirit. The dialogue, however, is not as brilliant as the stage business, and is at times wordy and a trifle bombastic. What the play really lacks is some of the kindlier touches of the comic spirit, which kindle gentler feelings and enrich the great inventions of comedy.

SERENA BLANDISH

BY S. N. BEHRMAN

This comedy takes place in some of the most arid drawing rooms of London, where almost everything conspires towards a most amazing atmosphere of dryness and torpidity. Boredom is supreme amidst the feverish activities of a florid Countess, whose amusements of the moment form occasional ripples across the unplastic, dessicated countenance of the society. Her own futile efforts to avoid anything ordinary are a mockery, for her own patience with any new plaything is short lived. So her cultivation of the provocative *Serena Blandish*. Getting her married! It was to have been a matter of hours, but the campaign of a fortnight brought *Senena* only an affair with Lord Ivor Cream, an avowal of love without hint of marriage from one man, and a final offer of marriage from another which she does not accept. The thing at once appalling and provocative about *Serena*, the thing which made her eccentric in the eyes of this society, was her sincerity. For most of them this simply wouldn't do, but the ones who were still on the outlook for

something to break the monotony, found that *Serena's* sincerity was a charm that did. Therefore, she was victimized by the very people who sought her company. She was abused to the utmost; but only one, Sigmund Traub, the jeweller, who provided *Serena* with an introduction to the Countess had the discernment to see that *Senera* might be a permanent asset. Which explains *Serena's* one offer of marriage.

This brief sketch of what *Serena Blandish* is about may indicate that it is about very little. Yet the comic idea of the play is an excellent one, and explains quite amply what *Serena* didn't understand but what it seems most women do: that it takes a large amount of guile to get married, that it is best not to appear in the natural; for men and one's society won't stand for it, and the very presence of sincerity arouses suspicion and results, as it did with *Serena*, in stand-offishness and a final breaking off. The dramatist, S. N. Behrman, however, is lost sometimes in the mazes of his idea, and there are lapses and uncertainties which one is not able to account for. But the real distinction of the comedy lies in his careful characterization which partakes of no obvious touches, and keeps each character in its own pitch. The whole air of the comedy of elegant stagnation and the presence of the fantastical Countess and Lord Ivor Cream make *Serena's* journey through their society a really brilliant piece of comic invention. The one bungling note which I detected was the problematical situation of *Martin* and his son: this blunder into reality leads to a much too extravagant close, but still provides a correct exit for *Serena* back into an existence which she will find much less disheartening but much less interesting. The play is brilliantly acted.

SEASHELL

BY BERT J. FRIEDMAN

THE beach lay glistening in an endless expanse of white sand. A particularly bright object, made conspicuous by the sun's rays, lay all forlorn and lonely just off the water's edge. It was a seashell. How pretty it seemed from afar! How it gleamed and cast iridescent colors to all sides! Closer and closer I came to where it radiated so much brightness. Suddenly the sun hid itself behind a cloud, and I looked down at that seashell in consternation. How horribly empty and hollow it appeared, lying there deserted, without its glamour that had been merely mirrored upon its crusty surface. What had seemed to be beautiful was a mere glorified mockery of forgotten existence. It was a remnant of a living past. I might step upon it, and break it, or casually pick it up, and cast it still further from its sea of life.

Again the sun shone down upon us — the seashell and myself. The cloud had vanished, swept away by the eager wind, and the seashell almost twinkled with a vain contentment. But I knew that there would be more clouds, and I scorned at this inanimate thing, that it did not realize its plight. The sun began sinking in the horizon. I had been oblivious to the fleeting minutes. The western skies were turning crimson, and now the shell, toward which I felt so irresistably drawn, became dark and repellent. As if it had eyes, it made me shudder. For it seemed that a cold, glassy, worldly, gaze was greedily scanning a victim of its desires.

Eventide was upon us, and the crimson skies were fading more and more rapidly, as though countless infernal, black little

imps were fast after purity, grace, and virtue. The leaden sky was darkening like rape on the heels of chastity. The evening sea breeze was becoming chilly. I had not even a coat with which to protect my bones from the biting cold. Yet, I could not leave this spot. The seashell seemed to hold me rooted there. Leave it—impossible. Carry it away from the beach. Sooner throw my own body into the waves than to offend Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, those three fates who might cut the thread of my life dare I cross their path, and move this object from the habitat they willed it. What an awful attraction this bit of shell bore. Try as I might I could not shake off this helpless agitation.

Once again I gazed at that empty shell. But I no longer saw its pretty colorings, nor did I see its crusted sides. I was gazing straight into the eyes of Concha. I was again in my youth—that adolescent, craving, restless age—when a boy's mind and body are traveling separate roads toward the goal of maturity. Should one achieve its destination before the other, there is havoc. Concha's heavily-lidded stare dreamily turned me into a raging whirlpool of sensations. Shivering as the orgasmic chills ran down my spine, and then exuding perspiration from every pore, I lay in this woman's arms while she breathed sternal vows of fidelity. Concha was my first woman. True, I had shamefacedly kissed little golden-haired schoolmates and then scampered off in confused glee; the little rouse I felt then— But this was different. Never, thought I,

(Continued on Page 50)

THE NATURALISM OF VILLAINS

(This is one of the Williams Prize winning essays.)

BY KENNETH K. KOST '31

AT the word villain, most people shudder, for out of their minds arise dim, ghastly stock villains with which, perhaps, they have been acquainted for years in novels, melodramas, and cinemas. They see a well-dressed, dapper, slick young man with piercing black eyes and a swarthy complexion, movie villains are always dark and swarthy, trying to entrap the innocent heroine with his wicked wiles until the strong, handsome hero appears on the scene and ends matters with a "healthy swing" to the villain's jaw. Another favorite stock villain is the "Noah Beery" type, a two-gun man who by trickery overcomes all obstacles until the hero chokes him to death or shoots him after a thrilling ten minute fight to a finish battle. These two types with the wealthy old suitor, the blonde, autocratic German officer, and the landlord are the common types which the magazines, melodramas, and cinemas place before the public. These villains are fictitious characters and have little resemblance to the villains in classical drama.

The villain in tragedy is a man, sometimes but very rarely a woman, who exerts some evil effect on some other character. A villain of this type is not a stock character nor does he have a certain fixed appearance. He may be a blonde or a brunette, handsome or ugly, tall or short, prince or pauper, a soldier or a minister. He cannot be told by his appearance, for he is natural.

What is naturalism? This is a word

of many meanings and interpretations. It is best defined by this example. Certain classes of people do certain things under certain conditions. Most people, for instance, when they are held up by bandits throw up their hands and obey the bandits' commands. These are the people who are acting naturally. There are two other classes. The one will attempt to overcome the bandits; and if they succeed, they are heroes, but if they fail, they are fools. The second class will faint or lose all control of themselves; they are the cowards. The naturalism of villains is shown most clearly not by their deeds but by their motives for them.

In "Types of World Tragedy," we find some villains who have taken a firm place in drama. There is Iago, the bluff, honest soldier of Shakespeare's "Othello"; Count Cenci, the pious looking monster of Shelley's "The Cenci"; Orsino, the hypocritical churchman in the same play; Parson Manders, the "blue nosed" Norwegian moralist in Ibsen's "Ghosts"; and Dreissiger, the determined, fighting capitalist of Hauptmann's "The Weavers." They are villains who are hated because few have ever stopped to consider their side.

Iago, who is one of the great villains of drama, is not as Coleridge would have him, a monster of "motiveless malignity." He has motives enough to account for his deeds, but to understand his motives, one must first understand his character. Iago is portrayed as a man with a keen sense of superiority, a contempt for others, and

a sensitiveness to everything which wounds these feelings. In addition, he is conscious of his exceptional but unused ingenuity, enjoys action, and has no fear of danger. "The most delightful thing to such a man would be something that gave an extreme satisfaction to his sense of power and superiority; and if it involved, secondly, the triumphant exertion of his abilities, and thirdly, the excitement of danger, his delight would be consummated." Iago's motives, which make him a natural character, are dimmed by the extent to which his deeds are carried.

Iago carries his villainous deeds to the extreme because of luck and Shakespeare's skill as a dramatist. Iago is like a boy with a toy balloon who blows until finally it bursts. This is exactly what Iago did in playing with Othello. He kept stuffing him with lies until finally truth burst forth. It is luck that enables Iago to continue with his plot. "A chance word from Desdemona, a chance meeting of Othello and Cassio, a question which starts to our lips and which anyone but Othello would have asked, would have destroyed his life. In their stead, Desdemona drops her handkerchief at the moment most favorable to him. Cassio blunders into the presence of Othello only to find him in a swoon, Bianca arrives precisely when she is wanted to complete Othello's deception and increase his anger into fury." The ease with which Othello falls into Iago's snare and believes everything which Iago wants him to believe makes it that much easier for Iago to succeed. It is not plausible that Othello, who is a calm, practical soldier, would be driven to a point where he would be willing to murder his wife on flimsy, if not to say, no evidence at all. Emilia, Desdemona, and Cassio also become his puppets, or as Stoll says, "Every-

body else is taken in by Iago, moreover, and the play becomes the tragedy of fools." Shakespeare's great technical skill enables him to make Iago a natural character and to make "Othello" a great tragedy. It is this skill and luck which allow Iago, a vivid and human character in everyday life, to carry his deeds to the extreme and in the limelight to seem unnatural.

When Shelley wrote "The Cenci," he gave to the world one of the greatest monsters whoever stepped upon the stage. Count Cenci is a monster so evil that few people can ever conceive a man so inhuman. Shelley, himself, probably did not intend him to seem natural, for Shelley, whose works were usually symbolical, made Count Cenci a symbol of the evils of Count Cenci's time and Beatrice a symbol of goodness. However, the old conception of Count Cenci as an impossible monster is dispelled when his motives are considered.

The one motive for all his crimes was the pleasure which they gave him.

"All men delight in sensual luxury,
All men enjoy revenge; and most exult
Over the tortures they can never feel—
Flattering their secret peace with others' pain.

But I delight in nothing else. I love
The sight of agony, and the sense of joy,
When this shall be another's and that mine."

Act I, Sc. I

Thus Count Cenci bragged to the horror-stricken Camillo. Count Cenci seems unnatural to most people because of his perverted idea of pleasure; yet, today there are still men of Count Cenci's type. Leopold, Loeb, and Hickman are similar to Count Cenci, and they are considered cases for pathologists.

Count Cenci has three out of five symp-

toms of dementia praecox: namely, abnormality in the development of instincts and feelings, a gradual blunting of the emotions; and peculiar feelings of being forced, of interference with the mind, of physical or mystical influences, but with retention of clearness in other fields (orientation, memory, etc.)

The abnormality of Count Cenci's feelings and instincts is too evident to be denied. He is even called insane in the play.

"For God's sake.

Let me dismiss the guests! You are insane." Act I, Sc. 3.

cries Camillo as the death celebrating banquet is breaking up. Count Cenci's emotions had been gradually blunted, and he, himself, knew that. When Camillo asked him, "Art thou not most miserable?" He answered, "Why miserable? — No, I am what your theologians call hardened." From cringing despair to awe inspiring majesty, Cenci passed with the ease and rapidity of a mad man.

"I said I would not drink this evening but I must;

For strange to say, I feel my spirits fail

With thinking what I have decreed to do." Act I, Sc. 3.

With his drooping spirit braced by wine, he still had a feeling of being threatened by death or some other evil. With mingled fear, anxiety, and uncertainty, he poured out his feelings to Lucretia.

"You said nothing

Of how I might be dungeoned as a mad man;

Or be condemned to death for some offense,

And you would be the witnesses?—
This failing,

How just it were to hire assassins, or
Put sudden poison in my evening drink?

Or smother me when overcome by wine? Act II, Sc. I.

From this mad fear of death to the violent dramatic ravings of a lunatic is a far cry. To the world, he then cried

"I do not feel as if I were a man,

But like a fiend appointed to chastise

The offense of some unremembered world." Act IV, Sc. I.

Here we have the peculiar feeling of being forced which Taylor mentions as being one of the symptoms of dementia praecox. Count Cenci was certainly acting natural because he was insane; he could act in no other way.

Concealed by the monstrosities of Count Cenci and the haunting pitifulness of Beatrice, slinks silently along the real villain of "The Cenci." With death facing the wife and children of the murdered Count, Giacomo reveals him.

"I fear, Orsino,

While I consider all your words and looks,

Comparing them with your proposal now,

That you must be a villain." Act V, Sc. I.

Orsino was the villain. He changed the course of the play entirely when he failed to give Beatrice's petition to the Pope. He encouraged Lucretia and her stepchildren to murder Count Cenci, and then incriminated himself by sending the assassins to them. If he had not done these things, Count Cenci might have died in prison where Savella, the Pope's legate, had come to take him only to find him murdered. With all these evil deeds accredited to him, Orsino upholds the naturalism of villains.

(Continued on Page 45)

THE QUARREL BETWEEN SCIENCE AND RELIGION

B. J. J. ROWELL

The quarrel between science and religion grows out of the fact that both are integral parts of everyday life and yet are so dissimilar, the dissimilarity occurring through their fundamental conceptions.

The word science can be traced directly back to the Latin word "scio," meaning to know. Science is exact, admitting nothing as true until definitely proven as true, while the religions of the world rest on the faith of their followers. Without faith religion could not exist. Yet this faith has carried millions to their death; "Allah il Allah," cries the Mohammedan as he clashes into conflict thinking of the soft-eyed houris that attended those of the Faith who die nobly in battle; "God is great," murmured the Christian martyrs as they fell before Nero's lions in the arena; all endless variations of faith, and that is where science and religion again differ. Variations are not acceptable to science, yet they are the basis of all Christian churches save the Catholic.

Again, inconsistencies abound in the Bible. For instance, Cain slew Able and then "fled to the land of Nod where he took unto himself a wife." Yet, according to the opening chapters of the Bible,

Adam and Eve with their two sons Cain and Abel were the only people on the earth. Where did the wife come from, and why should a vigorous young man flee from an old man, such as Adam? In this and in many other instances the Bible is inconsistent. And science does not admit of inconsistencies for long.

This quarrel can be and has been carried to absurd extremes, as evidenced by the action of the legislatures of Arkansas and Tennessee in forbidding the teaching of the theory of evolution. This is absurd, and science does not tolerate absurdities.

But the main obstacle to a common understanding between science and religion is their difference in age. Science, as we know it, is at the most a hundred years old, while the Christian religion, one of the newest religions, is nineteen times as old. Religion is of the past. Science is of the present and the future. Religion says "For this principle our fathers fought and died. Therefore believe." And science responds tersely, "Prove it."

Until religion is brought up to date and science becomes tolerant, the quarrel between them will continue.



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NATURALISM OF VILLAINS

(Continued from Page 43)

Although Orsino concealed his motives with great cleverness from the Cenci, he revealed it with equal frankness to the audience.

"I shall be well content if on my conscience

There rest no heavier sin than what they (the Cenci) suffer

From the devices of my love—a net

From which she (Beatrice) shall escape not." Act I, Sc. 2.

No one can now doubt his purpose; but in order to achieve it, he encouraged the murder of Count Cenci. Again, he tells us openly.

"From the unraveled hopes of Giacomo I must work out my own dear purposes.

I see, as from a tower, the end of all:

Her father dead; her brother bound to me

By a dark secret, surer than the grave;

Her mother scared and unexpostulating

From the dread manner of her wish achieved:

And she!—Once more take courage my faint heart;

What dares a friendless maiden match with thee?" Act II, Sc. 2.

Count Cenci has been murdered; Giacomo has just told Orsino what he thought of him; and as Giacomo departs, Orsino turns to face us for the last time. Without hesitation, he calmly declares,

"I'm sorry for it; but the guards are waiting

At his own gate, and such was my contrivance

That I might rid me both of him and them." Act V, Sc. 1.

and as the officers of justice come seeking him, he flees.

The average person who sees Ibsen's "Ghosts" has a hard time to conceive modest, fidgety Parson Manders as a villain; rather, he seems to be the foil for the hypocritical "old soak," Engstrand. Yet, undoubtedly, when Ibsen wrote

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"Ghosts," he meant Parson Manders, with his strict code of morals, to be a villain. His act of villainy, as critics see it, was committed when he urged Mrs. Alving to go back to her dissolute husband. Oswald, the result of the consummation of this marriage, was the victim of a hereditary disease. A man who would encourage a woman to be true to a marriage like that must be a villain, but Parson Manders deserves a hearing before he is condemned.

Parson Manders lived in a small Norwegian town when conventions were much stricter than they are today; nevertheless, the average minister at the present time would do the same as Pastor Manders did. Very few ministers will go as far as to advise a woman not to live with her husband, especially, if there is any chance at all for a reconciliation. Today, a minister might advise Mrs. Alving to get a divorce, but fifty years ago a divorce was considered a disgrace by most respectable people. This cannot be blamed on Parson Manders. Birth control would have prevented Oswald from coming into this world but that too was not as prevalent then as it is today when families are made to fit kitchenette apartments. Parson Manders believed, as most clergymen do, that marriage is a sacrament instead of a mere contract. The Bible gave Parson Manders a motive for his action. "Wives submit yourselves unto your own husband as unto the Lord." His conduct was natural because he was a clergyman.

In "The Weavers," Hauptmann presents to us a new type of villain in the person of Dreissiger, the fustian manufacturer. Dreissiger is a cold, hard-hearted capitalist. He is a villain without a particle of sympathy. We pity the weavers who fall into the clutches of such an inconsiderate man. But is he all of that? Among forty odd characters, Dreissiger

stands out alone as the representative of the wealthy class. Pfeiffer and the rest of the characters who depend upon the wealthy class are but puppets in his hands. Around Dreissiger crowd the weavers down-trodden and oppressed; and in the surge of our emotions, our hearts go out to them, and our hate falls on the villain. Hauptmann has been accused of surcharging the play with sympathy for one class. He does no such thing. He states facts which are accurate, cold, and relentless. One pities the weavers because of wretchedness and most of all because of the nature of tragedy. "We pity others where, under like circumstances, we would fear for ourselves." It is easier to place ourselves in the place of the weavers than in the place of Dreissiger; so we pity the weavers. When we substitute calm reflection for this tragic fear and pity, we see the naturalism of Dreissiger.

Dreissiger is the natural result of a time when economics and sociology were little understood. Dreissiger lived at the time of the industrial revolution, the time when steam power and large scale production were supplanting hand power and home production. Dreissiger was a wealthy man; and it is only natural that with his back to the wall, he should fight to maintain his position. Business conditions were making his lot a hard one. He tells us,

"Our best markets have been closed to us by the heavy import duties foreign countries have laid on our goods. At home, the competition is terrible, for we have no protection, none whatever."
Act IV.

The steam power-looms also struck Dreissiger a heavy blow because all his weavers were hand-loom men. The weavers, themselves, recognized the evil effects of the factories and steam power-looms. While they were wrecking Dreissiger's

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COMPLIMENTS

home, Becker said,

"When we're done here, we'll go straight to Bielau, to Dittrich's, where the steam power-looms are. The whole mischief's done by these factories." Act IV. Then as the milling crowd gathered about Dittrich's, Hornig, the old rag dealer, tells us,

"They're going to smash up the power looms. For it's them that are ruinin' the hand-loom weaver. Even a blind man might see that." Act. V.

The steam power-looms and factories brought with them large scale production and lower prices. Dreissiger, who knew very little about economics, was undersold; in order to compete with this menace, he hired more weavers at lower wages. He does not tell the weavers that because of the unlikeliness of them understanding him. He tells them,

"but this much I'll tell you, just to show you my good will....I can't deal out charity all 'round; I'm not rich enough for that; but I can give the people who are out of work the chance of earning at any rate a little." Act. I.

Did he really mean this? Who knows? He may have, for recently President-elect Hoover came out with a similar plan to ensure prosperity in times of depression. The economic troubles of the time set Dreissiger's course for him, but they could not kill the naturalism of the man.

Dreissiger, the man, is as natural as Dreissiger, the manufacturer. Hauptmann, with all fairness, shows us Dreissiger's good points as well as his bad ones. We see him rushing to the side of the fainting child with enviable solicitude. His brusqueness, when dealing with his employees, is natural to a man of his position in life. One finds very few manufacturers even today, when working conditions have been greatly improved, who go about their factories and listen to the tales of



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their working men. At home, he was kind and considerate to his wife, and he was more anxious for her safety and that of his children than for his own. His domestic servants were loyal to him when the weavers attacked his home. The loyalty of John, the coachman, saved Dreissiger and his family from the violent hands of the mob. Beside the cringing Pfeifer, Dreissiger is a veritable hero, and the last words which he says are soothing words of confidence to the terror-stricken man. Here, Dreissiger is as natural as anyone could want him to be.

No matter how prejudiced an author may be, or no matter how hard he may try to distort his villains; he cannot do so. Iago, Count Cenci, Orsino, Parson Manders, and Dreissiger are natural. Under the same conditions, anyone else would probably have done the same things. Despite the barbarity, treachery, and selfishness of their actions, a close inspection of their motives for them reveals the naturalism of villains.

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SEASHELL

(Continued from Page 40)

had the moon shone down on a more adoring couple, than it did that memorable summer in the garden of the Villa Castellano near Madrid. But then—adulthood on a holiday from the University of Barcelona—warm, stirring evenings—heavily moonlit nights and a strange woman. Yes, Concha was strange, so worldly, so alluring. She bent to unspoken desires, yet ever distant and enticing, mysterious. What an infinity and variety of emotions, were stirred in that fragile being for whom she professed undying love. To me, Pelleas, was a lumbering celibant, and his love for Melisande a mere play on words. For could anyone be more in love than I? And could anyone have a more perfect mistress?

Life was a dream, restless, but every corner filled with voluptuous reality. Weeks passed as hours. That sensuous garden seemed a veritable paradise—until the shock. God it was horrible! I remember it yet as if it had all happened yesterday. The first disillusionment of youth. And the realization came so quickly. A few overheard remarks, the frequent titterings of domestics, and then a husband, a huge, overbearing man. It was as if a bomb had been burst within me. Perhaps if there had been an ugly scene, my hurt pride would not have suffered so. But all I heard was laughter. Huge, raucous bellows, and silvery peals. I threw myself down upon the ground and clawed at the terrain like a mad man. And all I heard was laughter. Through my tormented mind there ran thoughts, thoughts tinged with the echoes of derisive laughter. Concha—the wanton—my love, the mere toying of an overripe woman. How disillusionment adds years to innocence. Concha, a beautiful woman, but her beauty a mask—pretty coloring, but empty and hollow. She mirrors glam-

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ADOLESCENCE

(Continued from Page 22)

few weeks, so restless, so discontented. Disjointed fragments out of his school books and his desultory reading came to him...white sandy beaches...in London men and women have gathered from the ends of the earth...in tropical countries living is simplified, food may be had for the picking...dark skinned women...temple bells across the river." These and similar other thoughts flitted like glowing sparks through his mind.

Abruptly the whistle shrilled up ahead. It sent a stab of pain through him. A reptilian undulation rippled the length of the train, and slowly, creaking and groaning, it started to move once more. The beckoning door began to move away.

Just as it got directly across from him, he jumped to his feet and ran swiftly over the intervening tracks to the train. But though it would have been a simple matter to climb into the car, he paused irresolute. "I can't; I wouldn't dare to," he said. While he hesitated, his eyes hypnotically watched the moving door from a greater and greater angle until it narrowed to a mere black slit and then disappeared entirely.

Then several times he tried desperately to overcome his fears and seize hold of the iron steps of the other cars as they passed with increasing speed. Each time, however, he found himself unequal to this act also. At last, almost before he had time to fully realize it, even the caboose had swung by him, and there was now only open track on either side.

Through blinding tears he watched the glowing red ball on the caboose grow dimmer and dimmer until far down the converging lines of track it winked back at him a number of times before, like a will-o-the-wisp, melting into the blackness. Two parting blasts from the distant

whistle echoed through the valley, and then once more the silence, profound and heavy, returned with a rush, and endured.

For a while longer he stared mutely down the track. Then he turned around slowly, recrossed the tracks to Front Street, and started for home, too tired, cold, and miserable to think.



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SEASHELL

(Continued from Page 50)

our and radiance, but a cruel heart beats beneath. What thoughts flashed through my mind then, as I sought some means by which I could placate my stirred-up wrath! Revenge, that was it. Should I choke her until her tongue should hang limply between those covetous lips, and till her damnably perfect face should be purple with attempts to snatch at the fleeting air? Or should I coolly murder her at a pistol's end? And then I knew that I would do neither. The fate of this woman lay not in my hands. Her life must be a bitter one, when her mask begins to crumble and rot away. Perhaps, even now, it was beginning to crack, and expose the ugly, bare interior.

The wind was beating upon me savagely, and the sands were whipping against my face and body. But a joyous smile, was it of relief?, lit up my face. For I no longer felt chained to that spot. I leaped to my feet in my enthusiasm to return to my warm bedside, when suddenly I heard a crunching beneath my heel. There, stamped into the pliant sand, so that they were almost indistinguishable, lay the jagged fragments of a once glittering seashell.



INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 10)

maintain the status quo per se with all its shortcomings will not provide for the greatest good of the greatest number; since varsity squads are "cut" only the better athletes get the advantages of the system; the other boys, who probably need the play and physical development even more and who are in the majority, must join the general public and get the vicarious pleasure from the cheering section. However, we are not yet ready, methinks, for the complete abolition of intercollegiate athletics in favor of intramural sport; such would be an unpopular move with both students and alumni, since it would seem far too radical.

I would advocate taking our defeats and our victories with equanimity, being good sports, maintaining our ideals and good name, and continuing to attract to Lehigh men who come primarily for an education. That's one tradition we cherish and can be proud to perpetuate. In other words, with reservations, I subscribe to the present system despite all its defects. I would like to see Lehigh admit its inadequacy to compete with those universities that believe in proselyting and to schedule opponents, regardless of size, whose policy conforms to its own amateur standard. Then the balance between victory and defeat would probably not be so one-sided. Parenthetically it might be remarked that happier relations with the arch rival, Lafayette, are in the offing because of a praiseworthy changing attitude on College Hill.

Furthermore, under Professor Bartlett's regime intramural sports are growing in scope and interest and should be particularly encouraged. Certainly if we are to stand pat with our present intercollegiate policy plenty of intra-university competition, (inter-class, inter-course, inter-dormitory, inter-fraternity), should be fostered to supplement the 'varsity acti-

vities and to provide equality of opportunity for all to participate in supervised athletics to the extent that they desire. Under such a system Lehigh will continue to graduate men mentally well-trained and adequately equipped physically, scholars "who also ran."

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